Smitten Kitten

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/15173408.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Character:	Kitten - Character
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Hannibal Finds A Kitten, First Kiss, season one divergent
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of The Life and Times of Artemis Lecter
Stats:	Published: 2018-07-05 Words: 627 Chapters: 1/1

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by slashyrogue

Summary

Hannibal finds a kitten on his way to the office and along the way finds himself kissing Will Graham.

Hannibal found the kitten soaked to the skin as he was heading into his office, the tiny black thing huddled behind his tire mewling loud enough that it caught his attention.

He bent down to pick it up by the scruff and it's tiny paws dangled as he stared with an umbrella in his other hand. There were not several patients today and he had a carton of milk in the small refrigerator in the corner of his office that he used for patients' coffee.

The shelter was open till evening and he was sure that it would not be a problem.

He was mistaken.

Throughout the day his instincts were rattled by the sound of the kitten. Earlier it had licked milk only to urinate on his carpet moments later. He didn't get as angry as he should have though and only found a box for it to sleep in. The little kitten did not like the box and wanted to be in his arms.

His patients seemed to like it even if his attention was off of them. Franklyn was enthralled and watched him with the kitten like he'd spun gold.

"It's a boy?"

"I hadn't checked."

"Oh," the man whispered, "What're you naming it?"

"Nothing," Hannibal said, even as he pet the soft fur and felt its vibrating purr along his arm, "Now tell me about your childhood."

Some of his other patients expressed interest in it, though he feigned plans for the animal's housing because he did not like their temperaments.

Then Will walked in, disheveled and angered by some incident with Jack before he'd arrived. He paused at seeing the kitten lying asleep in the crook of his arm.

"You got a cat?"

"It's not mine," he said softly, "I found it outside and—"

Will laughed and reached out to stroke the kitten.

"That's what we all say. I'm sure the shelter is on your ride home but it will be late and you'll have to keep," he moved the cat's tail, "her a night."

Her.

The kitten had started to awaken with his handling and Hannibal felt her walk up his shoulder. She rubbed on his cheek and purred.

"She likes you."

He looked at Will.

"I know very little about pets."

Will scratched her face again. "I do, I can help."

They were closer now, mouths inches apart and Hannibal suddenly lost all sense when he did something odd.

He kissed Will.

The kiss was soft, a peck really, but spoke volumes.

Will looked rather shocked but not offended. His cheeks were flushed and he straightened his glasses. He smelled of horrid aftershave and burgeoning encephalitis.

"Okay, so that was something you just did."

Hannibal felt the kitten chewing on his ear and ignored it. "Yes. Would you like me to do it again?"

Will laughed nervously.

"I—"

Hannibal moved in for another just as a horrible odor and warm wetness traveled down his shoulder.

Will started to laugh.

"I think she's jealous."

Hannibal picked the kitten up and glared. “You will get your turn at attention, Cat,” he set her down on the floor and looked at Will, “This is more important.”

Will licked his lips.

“Doctor Lecter,” he breathed.

Hannibal cupped his cheek.

“Yes?”

“You are taking off that jacket, right? You smell horrible.”

Hannibal sighed and unbuttoned his jacket. He peeled it off and Will tossed it to the floor. Then Will laughed. “Shirt too.”

He started to undo his shirt buttons and watched Will remove his coat before taking off his glasses. When Hannibal had his shirt off Will looked at him in surprise.

“Uh,” he swallowed, “Maybe…”

Hannibal moved in close and Will touched his chest hair.

“Pants too?”

Will grinned. “Can’t be too careful.”

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